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HOW TO WIN

AND

OTHER VICTORY MESSAGES

BY

PAUL RADER

HOW TO WIN
THE HIGH COST of IGNORANCE
TWO KINDS of STUBBORNNESS
THE BANQUET
HABITATION
THE TOLD LIFE
FIRE ALSO
COME TO DINNER

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SERMON NO. 1



HOW TO WIN!

HOW TO WIN!

"Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and the power of His might" (*Eph. 6:10*).

THIS sentence sounds like the quick, sharp words of a captain in the trenches just before the boys are ordered over the top. It is a tense moment. It is a last-hour command, and on obeying much depends. How much? Just this much: Victory, glorious victory, or defeat—awful, cowering, sneaking-back defeat. These words are not for the one outside the trenches. They are not for the unconverted, or the hypocrite. There is much said for them and to them in God's Word. Oh, how crowded is the Bible with beautiful words to show the way of salvation and the way of escape from death. Yes, they are beautiful words. No wonder the poet cries out:

"Sing them over again to me,
Wonderful words of life—
Let me more of their beauty see,
Wonderful words of life.
All so freely given,
Wooing us to heaven,
Beautiful words, wonderful words,
Wonderful words of life."

But the words of this text do not deal with life or death choice. They are uttered that the Christian heart might be encouraged in the awful hour of

conflict; encouraged, yes, and enlightened in the way of warfare, that he might finish the fight in victory. About these words of the text we might say:

Sing them over again to me,
When all about is night;
Sing them loud in the battle charge,
Telling me of His might.
When with bombing is riven
All the sky of heaven,
Beautiful way, wonderful way,
By which I win the fight.

It is the "how" of winning; the great "how" of victory after conversion, with which this text is concerned. And in its words are the last advice before the struggle.

Have you been defeated in your walk and warfare as a Christian? Does a map of your Christian life show trenches taken by the enemy and sectors of land once your own now in his possession? Can you see the list of booty taken by the enemy, and name it over? Do you look at this captured treasure with tears, yes, bitter tears? There is your heart-peace over in his camp, captured maybe in the first great conflict. Often you have tried to break through the lines and take it. You have offered trade for it. You have cried, "Oh, what wouldn't I give for the peace I once enjoyed!" And, by the way, isn't peace beautiful, wonderful? You never knew how really valuable it was, did you, until that night charge on your heart and you awoke to a new day to find it captured? It was so hard to fight again without it.

It seemed all your fighting strength left with it. You lay down to rest, but you found it not, and you seemed to grow weaker as the days dragged on. I say dragged, because we both know that no day ever gets up and dances away unless there is peace in our hearts.

You were even tempted to think that you could get peace some other way than by victory over the enemy, so you remember you quit fighting. You remember you quit. You remember how you didn't open up your Bible and get down on your knees to fight it out in prayer and get back your peace! You remember how you quit and went back to find some substitute for peace. Do you remember now just what you substituted? I can remember easily how I sought help in friends. But needless to say I did not find peace with them; you know from your own experience that I could not find it there. Oh, it was in the enemy's possession, and nothing but a great **charge** of faith could rescue my peace of heart. Do you remember how you drew back from the battle and believed the enemy's propaganda talk? He sent out word that no peace once lost could ever be regained, that you had lost your chance, and that Christ was disgusted with your failure and would not again fight for you. You believed it, you remember you did; and you had no strength with which to clutch a promise. Your faith was failing fast. Then you decided to do without your peace of heart,

and just hold your own. You would not have any more offensive warfare. You sank back into a stubborn, defensive way of living. You said, "I will go to church. I will pay my part. I will live the best I can, and that's all that can be expected of me." You looked across at some of your allies in the war and saw them taking trench after trench and gaining much booty. You felt mad at their shouts of victory all along their sector, and you consoled yourself by saying, "Well, if they had the hard sector I have, they couldn't do any better than I."

You had a caller from the victorious sector one day. You sat there complaining of your lot, talking of your lost peace, your hard times, your lack of strength. You said, you remember, "I felt like quitting." The victorious visitor wanted to tell you how he had won, but you did not enjoy testimony meetings. You remember you said to others, "If I had victory, I wouldn't go around testifying about it. Folks could see it without my yelling about it." You were so busy testifying about your failure and exhibiting your spirit of defeat that you would not listen to his testimony about victory and catch his spirit of conquest.

But now hear the text: It does not say, "Be strong." You have no right to put a period where God does not put one. His periods and commas are all sacred. So you take that period out after "strong" and leave that text as God wrote it. He

never expected you to be strong. He knew you had no strength. Stop now and see if you believe that. When you were converted you remember you saw that you were dead in trespasses and sins, that you were a lost sinner, and that Jesus was a substitute for your lost condition. That He accepted your repentance, your sorrow for your condition and gladly offered you pardon and a new life and took the old and put it away on His cross, and remembered your sin against you no more. Who did this? **He** did, sure. Did you help Him? No. He did it for you before you ever sinned, before you were born. Then when you saw that you were a sinner you accepted what He had done for sinners and His Spirit bore witness with your spirit that you were forgiven, sin was forgotten, and by Jesus' work for you you became a son of God, a joint heir with Jesus, your Lord. All a free gift. Then you had no strength—none. "While we were yet without strength Christ died for the ungodly." Why do you expect to be strong now, if you never had any strength in the first place? "But," you say, "I was strong for a while after I was saved." No, you were not. That's why you have failed. You thought you had strength, but listen. You had His strength, not your own. He was fighting for you and in you and with you. The fight was going so good you began to look at this strength and be proud of this strength and boast about this strength until you thought it

was your strength. You really testified that since you were converted you had backbone and strength. This greatly grieved the Spirit. You had no right, with no strength of your own, to suppose that the battles were being won by your strength. Right there you made Christ withdraw His strength. Right there your locks were cut like Samson's, and the strength you thought a real part of yourself was suddenly gone. You lost the next battle, and with it your peace of heart. "What shall I do now?" you say. Let us read the text again prayerfully and leave out a period after "strong." Now it reads, "Be strong in the Lord." Praise God, you see the light now. It is the Lord's strength into which you are to enter and thus be strong.

Let us illustrate. Suppose I say to you, "Fly to the next city, deliver this envelope to the mayor and come to me again." You would think I had gone crazy. But if I say to you, "Get into my flying machine and we will fly to the next town and deliver this envelope to the mayor," ah, that is far different. No, Christ never said "Be strong." He said, "Get into My strength and you will be strong in it." You expect Him to give you His strength. He does not do it. He gives you the privilege of entering into His strength, and His strength wins the battle. This is victory.

Now, charge the enemies again, and in His

strength win back your peace of heart in the glow of victory. I say, win.

I say, win. Yes, but it takes more than strength to win. Strength must be properly used, or there will be no victory.

The text says further, "and in the power of His might." Now, power is strength in proper action. I remember that as a young lad just in long pants I had gained a reputation for strength. I had gone to work in a small town, or rather to a place where there were four small houses, namely, the depot, the company store, the water tank, and last, but not least, the great blacksmith shop. The government, so far as I could see in those days, was run by the fellows who gathered about that shop and whittled and chewed and spit and philosophized; mostly, however, chewed and spit. I knew them all by their names. Oh, not their post-office names. I mean their blacksmith-shop names. There was "Ole Abe." He looked like Lincoln; and "Antelope"—he could beat anybody on earth or in Mars shooting antelope. He studied them and hunted them so much he chewed like them. I never saw them spit, so I don't know about that. It's rather humiliating to think that antelopes didn't spit and this fellow did. Then there was "Steerhorn Brown." He got that name at a round-up, where he "took 'em by the horns an' made 'em be good." He was the lifter, and one Saturday afternoon I beat him lift-

ing. Say, I felt manhood jumping from my pores and running up the roots of my hair, and growing a beard all at once. It only lasted one week. A wreck near the town let a train stop at our depot, and a traveling man got off and stayed all night. Just before sundown he came into the blacksmith shop, where Congress had assembled for its closing session of the week. I was ready to perform in a minute. When he said, "I hear you have some lifters around here," I very modestly, oh, very modestly, allowed that I could lift a little. Truth is that I thought I could put him on top of all he could lift and lift the whole. We started, modest weights at first. Soon I lifted my limit, and he laughed at me. He put fifty pounds on top of it, pulled up the knees of his pants a bit, and, squatting a little above the load, lifted all of it easily. He added another hundred. While Congress was watching him lift the last hundred I left by the rear exit. My pride was frying on the crackle of their laughter and my peace of mind had gone up the chimney, blown along by the big bellows which the smithy kept at work while the others talked and played. I tried to keep out of the city, but my duties led me among the four buildings. The traveling man called me. "See here," he said, taking me into the shop after the crowd was all gone, "don't go to pieces. You can lift more than I can, because you have more strength." I felt he was laughing at me and making a fool out of me. But the smithy, a serious, good-hearted friend, had

evidently had a talk with him. "Yes, you can," said the smithy.

"Watch me, lad," said this Welsh traveling man, with a back like an oak wedge. I watched. "See?" he said. "You lean over and only use the strength of your back, while I use also the big front muscles of the big part of my legs. See, I get them into use by holding my head straighter than you do and then squatting a bit. See?" It seemed easy. I tried a few times. Suddenly I caught the idea. I had no more strength than before, but I could lift all he had lifted.

Forgive so long an illustration, but I want you to see that in this case I had strength but not sufficient power. When I learned how to use my strength it became power. Now let me help you to see what this means to your Christian warfare against the world, the flesh and the devil. You admit that Christ has strength enough to defeat all your enemies any time. You do. That's fine. You know, then, that strength is in Him. How, then, shall His strength become power in you? Nearly all Christians will say that He has the strength but at the same time there is no power in their warfare.

At Niagara a big column of water standing in a large steel tube—let us say it is 12 feet in diameter and 50 feet high—is suddenly let loose from a spigot at the bottom. Its strength sends out a gushing, ripping, pounding, pushing stream of water. All the

weight and gravity pressure in this great column of water is thrown into this stream as it gushes forth. Here is strength, but to get power from it, power that can be used to help folks in all the walks of life; to light their paths, their homes, run their cars and machinery, and even heat their irons and cook their toast and tea, to get power to do this, there must be put at the disposal of this stream of strength a yielded wheel with paddles to pick up the strength. As this wheel is spun, its big axle constructed in various ways is made to rub copper plates as it spins. These copper plates, as they are rubbed, pick up electricity. Then, without going into scientific detail, the strength of this stream is turned into electricity or power.

You are a mechanism called human life; you are built to spin, or live—let us call it—by some strength operating on your life. Would you be willing to draw close to Him and spin as He moves you? You say, “I don’t understand electricity. I don’t know how it is made.” You stay out of that part of this Christian life of power that asks how it’s done. The Lord made you, and made you to show forth His power in you. You do not know about your making. You need but to know that He has the strength, and you cannot move yourself. If you know this, you will allow His strength to spin your life, nor ask a single “how?”

Our wonderful Lord knows how to turn your

spinning into His plan and purpose better than the electrical engineer knows how to direct the current through the wires and into machines. Jesus asks of you but one thing. Thus, believe that He has the strength and yield yourself to it, spinning as His strength shall push you.

Our great lack of victory, then, is not our lack of strength, for strength is not expected of us, but our lack of yielding to Him and His strength, "To will and to do of His own good pleasure." Yieldedness on our part allows His great strength to become power, showing to the world what in and through us His strength can do.

Thus we are "strong in the Lord and the power of His might." The light in the arc in the street cannot be proud of itself. It is light in the power developed by the strength of that gushing water. The disciples had victory at Pentecost because of the life that gushed out at Calvary and flowed through them with power that day. Yours is not to test power or look at the work done. Your part is to gaze at the One on Calvary out of the tomb in the glory. Your part is to allow Him to fill your vision and your life. Yours is to talk to Him, chum with Him, praise Him, tell Him all you believe about Him, and see what is lovely and glorious and wonderful in Him. It is yours to enjoy the touch of His hand on your heart, and dream of His soon appearing. Let nothing move your life but this gush-

ing stream of His love that was opened on Calvary. Let the strong stream of His life play upon your heart and mind day and night. Study about Him in His Word. Let Him impress you with Himself through the Word. Allow His love to move upon your heart by believing all that is said about Him in His Word. Then! Then! Now, listen. Without your being conscious, the world against which you rub, because of your spinning under His strength, will feel power. Things will happen to bring glory to Him that you never planned. Lives will be attracted to Him that you little thought were even thinking of Him. Love will flow you little dreamed had been produced by His strength. Victory over the enemy will come without any struggle on your part. Plans will be made and you will be fitted into your place with no great ability of choosing on your part, decisions that will bring blessing in their wake will be made for which the world will give you credit, but you will know you never felt like making any other.

It is no more you working; it is Him. You are gazing, trusting, praising, believing, spinning. He is connecting all this up with the outside world and work according to His own plan. "Thanks be unto God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

"Finally, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and the power of His might."

SERMON NO. 2



THE HIGH COST OF IGNORANCE

THE HIGH COST OF IGNORANCE

“Study to shew thyself approved of God” (*II Tim. 2:15*).

THE man who is the best posted is in all probability the best equipped to take advantage of opportunity. The man who refuses to study, and I am speaking now of the study of the Word of God, throws out of his hand the good sword by which he is to conquer. Listen to this promise for the man who will give thought to the Word of God, “But his delight is in the law of the Lord, and in that law doth he meditate day and night, and he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper” (*Ps. 1:2, 3*).

It is one thing to meditate. It is quite another thing to meditate in the Word of God, just as it is one thing to sit in your automobile not knowing the road and meditating, and sitting there meditating over the good map of the road on your lap. The philosophers of our day are meditating and scratching their heads more than ever before, but they are right in the same old tracks which their predecessors occupied years and years ago, and they have no explanation of the awful events about them, but if they had been meditating all this time in the Word

of God's prophecy they would be far on the road to the truth. We have men to-day who are called educated who do not know what God's Word teaches. This ignorance is too costly. It costs them their souls.

Rule for Reading

Let me set down a rule by which you may read the Bible. Be sure to memorize this rule which I shall give you. Here is my rule for reading the Bible. Listen: Just **Read The Bible**. I mean it very seriously. There is no other way. Perhaps you were expecting me to give you a short cut. Sit down and read the Book of John clear through some time, and you will see what I mean. Things will be brought to your notice by the Spirit as you read in this way that you never dreamed were in the Book. Then, as you read on and on through the days, the Spirit will compare what you read to-day with something you read on another occasion, and the light that will flood your soul will delight your soul and surprise you. But, best of all, it will equip you for the conflict against Satan. Learn a lesson in this regard from the farmer. He goes out this summer and cuts his hay. The cattle cannot eat it all now, so he stows it away in the great mow in the barn. The winter days will come on and the snow will blow and gather in cold, sweeping drifts about the barn. The old farmer will make a path to the barn door through the snow, and as he opens the door he will be met

by the hungry sounds of a barn full of cattle, sheep and horses. He makes his way up into this loft. He takes the old pitchfork, and thrusting it deeply into the hay he pushes the great, sweet smelling forkfuls down through the hole to the mangers below. Soon all the hunger calls cease, and a great satisfying crunching noise fills the barn. It is so with the Bible. You read it, that is, put it away up in your mow, and when the cold days of life come on, the trial days, the Holy Spirit will come into your mow, or mind, and stick the great fork of memory into a passage, and poke it down into your heart, and it will fill your aching, hungry heart and satisfy you. The cost of ignorance about God's Word at such a time as this is too high for any heart to pay.

An Experience

I shall never forget when the Lord gave me an experience which taught me this rule. I was one of ten children, and my father was a Methodist preacher. Mother had the task every Sunday of lining up, washing up, and dressing up, this young army to go to church. If no one but us came to church, you see, father would have a crowd to preach to. The oldest ones, of course, could get themselves in shape and then start down the line helping the smaller one. Mother would commence with the baby and work up. When the two met we could start for church. The oldest was allowed to march into a pew just ahead of

the one mother was to occupy and sit next to the dividing partition, and then the next in age followed, until that pew was packed. The column split and to the partition marched the oldest of the second division. Mother occupied the end seat of the second pew. From this position our loving general commanded the army. She never spoke or moved. All eyes were front. If anything was wrong she cleared her throat in a sweet voice and that cleared up the trouble. If that failed there was something at home that did succeed later. We were required to put hay into our mows during this service. We must at least learn the preacher's text. I remember a hot Sunday when the preacher had a very hard, long text, and between wishing for a drink and wondering when he would stop, I had a hard time getting the text learned, but I got it. I put it up there in my head and there I left it for many long years. I cannot remember of ever thinking of it from that day until about four years ago. I was going through what seemed to me then some deep waters. I could not see just why the dear Lord would allow this to come upon me, and Satan was trying to make me think that the Lord had rather forsaken me. I was on my knees asking God for light when suddenly the Holy Spirit put memory's fork into that old text and pushed it down into my tested heart. Oh, the joy and light it brought. Here it is: "Now, no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but griev-

ous ; nevertheless afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

Now, ignorance here as to God's dealing with me would have been very costly.

I learned, too, that God talked most plainly to us through His Word.

Study

I have tried to show you that by this method, or rule of reading the Bible anyone can become a Bible student. Do not let the word "study" used in this text discourage you. God does not mean here what the world means by study. We think of it with a headache and hands on each side of our head and burning the midnight oil, poring over books. But God means something else. "Study to shew yourself approved of God" is far from studying to pass the examination of men. One is a mental process. God's is a heart process. He says, virtually, read this Word that you might learn what kind of a life is pleasing to God. You see, this is a heart work. You read it, fill your mind with it and when you are in trouble as to what God would have you do He calls from your mind His Word and corrects you. It prunes you that you might bear more fruit. If the mind is filled with the Word the Holy Spirit can use it as a stream of water with which to cleanse our lives. The Bible is God's language ; learn to speak it and the Holy Spirit can talk with you as He cannot talk to those

who know not the Word. He can reprove, rebuke, exhort, instruct, enlighten until there comes the consciousness that you are approved of God.

Sword

God's Word is called the Sword of the Spirit. Well, if it is, then it will take the Spirit to wield it. Have you studied that? Have you meditated that? Have you said to yourself, "Here is a Book too big for me, a Book whose every word is drawn forth from holy men of old by the Holy Spirit, and only the Holy Ghost who drew it forth is able to shew it forth? He alone can take it up and use it. This says, then, that if you are to handle it, the Holy Spirit must be in you to do. I know that many men who do not walk in the fullness of the Holy Spirit, but who are clever students of it, think they are handling it because they are talking systematically about it. But when this Sword is handled by the Spirit, you not only see its shape and size, and see it flash, but you see it cut, you see the results of its cutting ability. That is, you feel and see it cut where no human argument or revelation could reach. "For the Word of God is quick, and powerful, and sharper than any two-edged sword, piercing even to the dividing asunder of soul and spirit, and of the joints and marrow, and is a discernor of the thoughts and intents of the heart" (*Heb. 4:12*).

You see, no human could do such work.

Testing

When Christ was anointed with the Holy Ghost after His baptism in Jordan, He went forth to allow the Spirit a chance to wield and test this Sword against the greatest of enemies. Starved in the flesh, famished with hunger, at the very end of all physical strength was Jesus, but, oh, hear the whip of power as that Sword strikes the enemy. Now hear it come again from the scabbard, and this time to pierce. Look while it flashes again, to discern the intents of the enemy and see him routed and defeated. Oh, if you put this Sword into the scabbard of your mind, the Holy Spirit will be able to grab it quickly and defend you against all your enemies.

There is no higher approval of God than to the man who sees he cannot fight himself but only treasures up the Sword of the Spirit in his mind and turns over the fight to the Spirit.

Approved

What a great thing it is to see a life upon which has been written by God this glorious word, "approved." Enoch had this word written large upon him. And he had this said about him in this regard, that he "walked with God." Where can you walk closer to God than in His Word? Where can He say more wonderful things to you than out of His Word? Where can He make known His will more clearly than in His Word? Where can you find out what

kind of life He approves better than in His Word?
Therefore, study the Word. Walk with the Word
and with Him.

SERMON NO. 3



TWO KINDS OF STUBBORNNESS

TWO KINDS OF STUBBORNNESS

A Tip to Preachers

“If Thy presence go not with me, carry us not up hence”
(*Exod. 33:15*).

HAVE you ever made the statement of this text to God? It may be that many times your stubborn will resisted when He called, but this text is far different. This text repeated to God is saying that you refuse to walk any path without the Lord. Oh, for such heavenly stubbornness to take hold of our hearts! Wouldn't it be delightful to hear the business man crying out to God at the break of day, “Lord, I refuse to go down town to-day unless You go with me. I refuse to enter into any contract or combination unless You enter with me. I refuse to go into my office and talk with my business associates unless You promise to come right along”? Do you intend to just refuse to move until you are sure the task or path before you is one that will suit Him and one in which He will walk with you? How many heart aches this could save! How many cast-aways would be in His service to-day if this kind of stubbornness had been theirs!

But let us be sure that when He calls us to walk in a pathway with Him, we do not allow our usual ways

of working to become stubbornness or our fear of moving out in new ways to produce the same results as if real fleshly stubbornness had taken possession of us. This is a peculiar kind of stubbornness. Do you have it? A dear preacher a few months ago came to me with this kind of stubbornness. He loved the full Gospel and wanted to see it spread in his city. He wouldn't budge without the Lord. Praise God for that. He had spent a night of prayer and came from his knees sure that God was saying to him what He had said to Moses in this thirty-third chapter of Exodus, namely: "See thou sayest unto Me, Bring this people up." "But," said he, "my brother, I can find no way to bring my people up to the help of the Lord in getting out the full Gospel to my city. I have tried for years. I have done my best, and I have come to the conclusion that God wants the people brought up, but that I am not the man. I feel that I must resign and let a man take my place who can bring the people up."

My only reply to this was, "Have you never thought that maybe God wants to **move** you—because of this great call to bring the people up—not out of your old harvest field by letting you resign, but **move** you out of your **old ways and methods**?" Then I read from the thirty-third chapter of Exodus, to which he had referred, about Bezaleel and the helpers God gave to Moses to accomplish what God had told Moses to do.

When I finished, he sat and looked at me until I was embarrassed. Then suddenly he went to his knees, crying out, "O God, you called Bezaleel and filled him with Your Spirit in wisdom, and in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship to devise cunning works in gold and silver and stone. O God, You state in Your Word further that in the hearts of all that were wise-hearted You put wisdom to make all that You told Moses to make. I get the vision, Lord. You've called me to do a work and have told me to bring the people up, and now I see that I have tried to do it all alone, and I haven't trusted You **for**, nor looked around **for**, nor prayed for Bezaleels. I have lost sight of the fact that You can put wisdom into others for their part in all that You have asked to have done." He finished by repeating over and over and over again, "O Lord, how I've cheated others in not training them and giving them a chance to serve You!"

Yes, the dear man had made a failure of his task thus far because continuing in his failing methods and ways was equal in its effect upon the people to being stubborn and refusing to walk the path which God had been showing him. It had never occurred to him to pray and scheme with God to use the greatest number of people possible for the Lord. Let me tell you how he went at his same old task with a vision of training every human being he could get his hands on to be of use to the Lord.

He had not been home an hour when by telephone came the message that one of his men, a grocer, was sick. Now ordinarily he would have rushed from the house to the grocer's bedside, but he rushed, as he had promised God he would, for others. He called up a bashful, backward member who owned a Ford car. Sure, the man could come over. He would be right over. He called up a young husband who had not been out to church much of late. His old habits were so strong he had to pray to keep from running across the street to the dear old saint who alone had always accompanied him on trips to bedsides. The three were soon on their way. As they went past the corner drug store, a young man, the son of a godly mother in the church, came out. "Come here," the preacher yelled in a glad welcome way, very new to the young man, and he obeyed. "If you don't mind riding in a Ford, get in." The young fellow gladly got in. The sick man was so astonished at the group of men filing in to see him that he forgot all about his fever. He was a man of prayer and saw the chance for the Lord at once. He reached out an eager hand for each man, and before the preacher could talk much he was saying to the backward brother, "Thank God, you have come to pray for me. Let's just kneel now. You pray." They all prayed but the young fellow from the drug store who was unsaved. It was the first time these two men had ever been asked to pray for one of

God's sick saints. The Holy Spirit filled the room. And when the sick man got through his praying and asked for his clothes, new things were done for the younger saints, and new faith came sweeping in. At the mid-week prayer service the young man from the drug store was converted. The preacher walked a block toward home with him, and his parting words were, "Give your testimony and do some one thing that will help get folks to hear the Gospel before Sunday."

Saturday morning the young fellow was at the door. "I want to get my job for Jesus done right. I asked the boss if I could use the street sign that stands on the walk to-day. He said I could have it from eight this morning until three o'clock this afternoon. Write what you want, and I'll paint it up swell like I do the soda fountain signs. Lots of the fellows will see it. Get one the young fellows will come to hear."

The preacher wrote it out. The subject was "The Last Dance."

"We haven't enough singing books, my dear, for the people," his wife told him at lunch. "We did have plenty, but the folks have taken them home and forgotten them."

"Something else for somebody to do for Jesus," he replied.

An hour after lunch he was back in his study with a broad smile. He had found the very fellow, a

youngster of fourteen who was a Sunday School pest. He had asked for ten boys by four o'clock. Promptly at four they were in the yard with two extras. The preacher had hot doughnuts for them. Then holding up a song book, he said, "How many of your folks have a book home like this?" The hands all went up. He told his scheme, and off they went to get another member's name from mother, and another at each home they visited. Leave it to a boy to go after a scheme like this. They were the first at Sunday School the next morning, and each with his load of books.

The following week, one of the active church men of the city stopped him on the street. "I heard one of your kind at a big convention this week."

"What do you mean by 'one of my kind'?" asked the preacher.

"Oh, one of the kind that talks Jesus all the time. He gave a great talk. He's an expert auto man in the next town here. He got under my vest. I felt like gettin' religion myself."

When he mentioned the name, the preacher knew the man, a business man with a great testimony.

That very afternoon the preacher passed a place on the main street where a firm had failed and were selling out their goods. He had heard of the failure. He stepped inside for a word of cheer to the head of the firm.

"Who's going to move into this storeroom?" he asked in the course of conversation.

"I don't know. Nobody for a month anyhow. The lease doesn't expire for another month."

"It would make a great place for a meeting," the preacher said more to himself than the man, and was surprised to hear him say, "Go as far as you like. Rent it or use it. I have never given anything to your church. You don't beg like some do. If it will do any good, it's yours for a month for nothing."

When he was on the street again, the Spirit kept saying "For a meeting," "For a meeting." Now his nerve failed him. He walked up a side street talking to God. God gave him the courage, and in half an hour he was face to face in a magnificent office with the prominent church man. The church man was answering thus when the preacher had finished his story—"Yes, I'll write a letter and get him here. No, I won't; I'll get him over long distance. I like your nerve; we need a stirring in this town. A noon meeting for men is just the thing, and this fellow knows God. Yes sir, that's the thing. I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll settle with the speaker, and I'll give you \$100 and I'll ask other fellows for some more to fix up the store right, but don't tell anybody. You run it your way. That's your end."

He got the speaker over long distance and fixed the dates.

This preacher who was going to resign has done things for God in the past few months that would fill a book. He had yielded his life fully to God many years before, but until a few months ago he had never yielded his old ways and methods. It's the same old Gospel, but there are many untried ways of getting it out, and oh, there are many, many untried folks waiting for some one to start them into the harvest fields. Let us be stubborn and not go ahead unless He goes with us, but let us get the vision that not to use and pray out and thrust out the Bezaleels and his helpers has an effect on God's work likened unto stubbornness. Do yield your old ways. Remember the preacher's words at the close of the prayer in which he yielded his ways to God—"O Lord, how I have cheated others in not training them and giving them a chance to serve You."

SERMON NO. 4



THE BANQUET

THE BANQUET

"He brought me to the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love" (*S. of Sol. 2:4*).

THE best banquets I ever saw were football banquets, given by some lover of the university to the victorious team. They ate, oh, how that crowd of big huskies ate! They didn't pick over things and eat a forkful and set it aside. They cleaned up everything in sight. They sang the songs of victory. They shouted out their praise of heroes and they cheered for their university.

God would love to have men eat of the great banquet of salvation and life in His Son Jesus Christ with great appetite. It is one thing to have the banquet prepared and the doors thrown open. It is quite another thing to tempt the appetite. Long ago God said: "All things are now ready," but men are so slow in coming. Their very excuses show their lack of appetite. But when they hear the shouts and the songs of those who are at the banquet, and see their happy faces, they begin to take notice. My brother, remember the world is watching to see how you enjoy the menu discussed and preached about. They are not looking at the food. They are watching your face day by day as you eat

of this banquet provided by Jesus. There are so many lean souls—joyless souls—these days. They are at the banquet, they say, but the world can find no banqueting signs about them. They do not seem well fed or delighted.

One of the missionaries on our platform told us of a field of labor among a very strange people, and very degraded. When they talked to them they would not listen. When they sang for them they hid in their mud huts. They tried to show them trinkets but to no profit. The missionaries found that these people did not care for anything they had. "Something must attract them," they argued, "or they'll never even hear our message." Finally one of the missionaries happened to put on a hat, a sombrero, which a friend had sent him from Texas. He walked into the mud hut village with it perched on his head. Instantly he had the eyes of the men. They followed him, they came back to his house with him and watched through the windows as he sat down and, with beaming face, praised God with his fellow missionaries that at last these men had an appetite for something. The chief wanted the hat, but the missionary held back and promised to have one brought by the next ship for him and his men. They watched him as he wrote the letter and it was a great day when two men took the letter away to the nearest mailing station. Now they would listen as he told them of other things while

they anxiously awaited the coming of the hats. At last they came: one for each head man. They put them on and walked among the people with pride swelling in their hearts. When they tried to go into their mud huts, kneeling down and crawling through the low, small opening, as they had in the past, they found they could not get in with the big hats on, or if they did they would crush them and, worst of all, they would have to take off their hats. You have seen your child go to sleep with its new Christmas present, a fine doll, and you know how the child felt.

Now came the change. It was either different huts or no hats. An hour had not gone by when a leading man had changed the size of the hole in his hut, and could go in and out without taking his hat off. The others soon followed his lead, and before the week was over they were building houses like the missionaries and listening intently to the Gospel.

Your joy, your broad-brimmed joy, in Jesus, like the missionary's hat, should be something to make this old sin-doped world wake up and to stir them to want something that would get them out of their mud-holes to accept the truth, and win them to the banquet which Jesus has provided. Get the joy bells in your heart, and broad-brimmed helmets of salvation, and walk among the people, calling them to the banquet provided for them, by telling of the things Jesus has done for you. Ask God so to feed

you that you'll make others hungry. "Blessed are they that do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled."

God said, "Let there be light." Who cares to eat in the dark? Think of a banquet without lights! Yet there are thousands of men trying to take the Bible and to understand it without that Divine illumination of the Holy Ghost. Jesus said of the Holy Spirit what we would say of light. "When He is come, He will guide you into all truth." Here are men, critics of the Bible, who don't know the difference between God's treatment of and plan for the Jews before Christ, and those who are born again and are now part of the Body of Christ. Then they wonder why they don't enjoy the banquet. Oh, the souls who are reaching in the dark for world peace when they should be partaking of pardon! "Let there be light," and you will see what God is serving in this present course or age. It takes Divine light to enable us to sit and eat at a Divine banquet, prepared by the Father, the Son and the Holy Ghost.

The banquet is all prepared. God's plans have all been made. God does not have to depend on a crowd of ministers in our day to arrange a Gospel for the twentieth century. The Gospel of the first century is His Gospel to this day and hour. There is only one faith spoken of in the Bible. God never says faiths; there's no "s" on it. It is the faith once for all de-

livered to the saints. Abraham walked up to Mount Moriah with that same faith and came down with more of it; Isaac, too, saw the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world much more clearly after they had sacrificed the ram caught in the thicket at the side of the altar. They had the same faith we have, beloved. Jesus said: "Abraham saw My day and was glad." God doesn't hold anything in His program back from His faithful ones. He said of Abraham in Genesis 18:17, 18: "Shall I hide from Abraham that thing that I do, seeing that Abraham shall surely become a great and mighty nation and all the nations of the earth shall be blessed in him?" Can you not see that in these two verses God opens up the whole banquet menu of the nations through the Jews and the final blessing when the Jewish nation is in its rightful place, and when Jesus sits as King on David's throne? Then He had told Abraham of His first coming and Abraham rejoiced in that and in His Blood shed for sin. You see, the Gospel and the truth and the plan and the purpose of God in Christ Jesus do not need to be changed in our day. It is all fixed. The food is prepared, and it is man's part to come to the feast.

God's Word is the menu, the bill of fare, the program. The Holy Ghost shows you the courses or dispensations. He will turn you to II Timothy 2: 15; "Study to show thyself approved of God, a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing

the Word of truth." He will bring to you things new and old, to make God's plan for men and for the world and for the heavenlies very clear. First, He always serves you with the righteousness of Jesus. He turns you to Matthew 6:33 in God's program: "But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you."

Then He begins to tell you of great promises made by God and what will result. He turns to Jeremiah 33:3, and you read: "Call unto Me and I will answer thee, and show thee great and mighty things which thou knowest not." You take God at His Word. You call and you are not disappointed. Then He shows you a little rebuke in James 4:2: "Ye have not, because ye ask not." And you are encouraged to dare to ask for all you need. We feed on the bounty of Himself, even on His very life. The Spirit turns you then to such a wealth of supply that you are hardly able to believe your own senses. There it is in II Peter 1:2, 3, 4, and you feel ready to shout as you believe and read: "Grace and peace be multiplied unto you through the knowledge of God, and of Jesus our Lord, according as His Divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of Him that hath called us to glory and virtue, whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises: that by these ye might be partakers of the Divine nature."

At the banquet which Jesus is giving, there hangs a banner of victory. All the rejoicing is because He is victor over the world, the flesh and the devil. We partake because He has victoriously undertaken for us. Many Christians these days are asking about victory. They want to be overcomers. Yes, He conquered all our foes:

I have overcome for thee,
Thou shalt overcome through Me;
Fight no more with broken sword,
Trust, oh, trust thy conquering Lord.

Oh, how few see that their struggles against the self-life are useless, and turn from it as a broken sword and live in Him, and walk in the Spirit. You do not have to fail; there is victory in Him. How wonderful it would be if, just now, you would give up and give over the battle to Him and then trust Him to undertake for you henceforth.

Mrs. Pemroy fought this battle out at a little tent meeting and God showed her His ability by the way her own life had been spent. She owned a millinery store in a small town in Missouri, where she had been born and raised. Her father lost his business and she was forced to do something to make a living. She was very proud, and since she had been forced into business she had set her mark high and intended to be a great success in millinery. Mr. Henry Pemroy owned a great deal of coal land and had become very wealthy. He had told her of his love and she did love him, but her pride would not let her drop the

millinery business until she had made a great success. She would say to herself that the gossips about the town would say she couldn't make a success of business and had to marry. Henry Pemroy waited around for some seven years while she struggled and wore herself down. He kept telling her that he could run a hundred millinery shops for her if she wanted them. Success was as far away at the end of the seventh year as at the first. So, on a Christmas day, while Henry pleaded, she threw herself in his arms and sobbed it out, and Henry became her husband. Henry had confided in the evangelist who was running the tent meetings. He had known him for many years. Mrs. Pemroy sat on the back seat listening as the preacher told of Jesus as our victor. She was a Christian, but victory was far from her life. To give up and let the Holy Spirit run her life was not what she wanted to do. She was having the same fight with God's blessed Holy Spirit that she had gone through with Henry. She had her plans made and she was working them with a high hand. She was the wealthy Mrs. Henry Pemroy and she wanted folks to know it. She had some great schemes to make that name famous. But God's Spirit pleaded for a full right of way and she was in the thick of the fight and the people were singing and many were going to the altar as the evangelist reached her side. They greeted each other and the evangelist said: "Are you glad you dropped the millinery business and let Henry run things, Mrs. Pemroy?"

"Yes, I am," was her answer.

"Then," said the evangelist, "you love Jesus and He wants you to throw up these proud spirit plans of yours and let Him be your life." She almost ran to the altar and there she sobbed it out. And she arose, a yielded soul, ready to do of the Spirit's good pleasure. Her life became a refuge for many a storm-tossed soul and she led them to the Saviour, who was indeed her very life.

"And the greatest of these is love." Divine love; this is not just human love. This is God's great warm heart beating for us. The heart flow of Him who went to Calvary is love. Perfect love, that is the victory. Perfect love casteth out all fear. All God's plan of redemption is the unfolding of His great love, and it will be His great love forever that will make glorious eternal life for us.

The Illinois State Penitentiary is at Joliet. My good friend Dr. Brown visits the prisoners there. One case especially drew his attention, and while we were sitting waiting for meeting time the other day, he told me of it. The case was that of a young boy, who was not overly bright, and crippled or withered in his hand and foot, and his poor face anything but pleasant to look upon. He had been sent to the penitentiary for stealing chickens and shipping them away. The boy hadn't been in the prison long when the father was sent up for a precisely similar crime. The father made but one request of the judge who

sentenced him and that was that he might be put in the same cell with his boy. The warden granted his request. Dr. Brown found them there in the cell together as happy as could be. The father told Mr. Brown how much he loved the boy. And Brown proceeded to tell the father that love like that was worthless when they were chums in crime—when he had to stop talking. The father was protesting.

“Oh, sir,” said the old man, “wait a minute. I’m no criminal, sir. I just had to be near my boy and that’s the only way I could think of getting next to him, I love him. I couldn’t sleep at night without him. I couldn’t think of him being locked up here all alone. So, well, I’m here. This is my boy.” And he hugged that ill-shaped boy to his heart and comforted him.

The sinless Jesus came into this old penitentiary of a world and to share our cell and to take our crime upon Himself. “He brought me to the banqueting house. His banner over me was love!” Oh, let Him bring you, too.

SERMON NO. 5



HABITATION

HABITATION

“Christ in me the hope of glory” (*Col. 1:27*).

IT is not eradication nor suppression, not identification but **habitation** which is our hope. He, the glorious Indweller, is “made unto us wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption.” Is there a struggle within or without? Turn it over to Him. “He is able.”

The Human Heart

We talk much of human nature. We depict it on the stage. We write it out in our literature. We spread it on the screen in the movies. We must reckon with it in business life. The conductor, the elevator man, the clerk, the boss, the promoter, the trader, must watch and reckon human nature into his task. But what must we as Christians do with human nature? We must if it is our own human nature, if we would obey God’s Word in the problem, reckon it a dead thing, settled with upon His cross, and turn for our life to Himself, risen and conquering, holy and glorified. “Ye are dead and **your** life is hid with Christ in God.” Oh, believe God for the solution of the struggle between the desires of your flesh and Christ.

How shall I conduct myself that Christ may be

glorified? Reckon myself a dead man, thus saying "amen" to the work of His cross.

But when my pride would pull me, and envy clutch me, how shall I loose their hold? Reckon myself a dead man and point to His cross for proof. Reckon that 'twas I who died that day when He died for me.

He hid my old life by Himself becoming sin for me on the cross. He hid me in Himself and arose from the dead. Therefore, since I am risen in Him, I must seek those things above, where He is seated. He is seated there in the glory with victory, holiness and power. Believe that He is seated within you with glory, victory, holiness and power.

A Dream

Let us look for illustration at a dream. Here it is. I am walking down a beautiful shady street, in mid-afternoon, past a most wonderful mansion. Suddenly the door swings open and the butler steps out and coming down the steps greets me by saying: "Glad to see you, sir; step right in." "But, man," I answer puzzled, "I know no one here. How have I the right to step in?" "Someone must step in. This house must be occupied and used, sir," he cries out in pleading tones. "A house is made for use. Come in and use it."

I enter, while the butler bows with salaam, and shows me about the place. We enter a great parlor with all that goes to make up a parlor, in full and

rich display. We pass on to a great green-house. We enter a room of palms and Southern trees and ferns. The mossy beds over the rocks are dripping with water, and canaries sing in the hidden nooks. Then into an orchid house we go to see the gorgeous open throats streaked with crimson and others with gold and others radiant in beauty. Here they hang in mid-air, requiring no dirt in order to live. Moisture and air are all they need. We could call them "Victorious Christian" flowers, they are in the earth, but not of it.

My guide leads me on until the green-houses are finished and I am conducted into the art gallery. I stand there in amazement before the strokes and color combinations of genius.

Called to Dinner

The dinner bell calls me below and I hasten by special guide to the wonderful dining room. "Anything you want?" the waiter answers, in reply to my questioning look at the full menu. "Anything?" "Yes," he answers, smiling. "Anything you see there and want I will bring you." I test the entreaty and find the menu become a reality before me.

From dinner I am conducted to the library. Oh, the books, books, books! And a librarian to help me find all I want. I read until my head drops, and an attendant informs me that he will show me to my bed room. Oh, such a bed. I sleep with dreams in a dream coming to me. The morning is announced

to me by an orchestra playing outside my door. Think of it—music by which to get up. And then the bath room and the loveliest bath.

Next I hear the harmonious songs announcing breakfast. After breakfast I say to the waiter, "Well, I must go to the office. I suppose an automobile of any make is mine to ride in, just for the asking." And now stop your breath—and listen to his answer, and never forget it. "My dear sir, you may have any car you please. But why use a car? Do you see that big golden button in the wall at your right? All you need to do is to push it and the whole house will move off and carry you with it."

The Application

Now you think that a wild dream. No! No! No! It is an exact picture of you and your personality; body, soul and spirit, emotion, intellect and will. You, the great creation of God, and you have invited in the devil through your fleshly desire. He comes in to be waited on and guided about, when pride, the butler part of the flesh life, has his way, and lust, the artist, has his turn. "Come in," they say, and the devil needs but to push the golden button called your will and the whole house obeys and carries him about.

Over to Him

But if you reckon all the flesh to be dead and yield to Jesus the full control, He will push the button

and you carry Him about. He becomes your life, for He becomes boss of your servants. You have yielded your members to Him as instruments of righteousness unto true holiness. Oh, will you let Him have His full way and His fullness is yours? Why need I worry about the servants (my members)? No, I turn them over to Him and the gold button I put beneath His hand. I move as He pushes it. His will and mine are one. He is the One.

He says: "My sheep hear My voice." This "altogether lovely" One has come in His fullness to abide. He has taken His habitation, Hallelujah!

"Christ in me, the hope of glory."

SERMON NO. 6



THE TOLD LIFE

THE TOLD LIFE

“And it shall be told thee what thou must do” (*Acts 9:6*).

WHO wants to do what they are told to do? Oh, the bitter battles that have been fought over just “minding,” from childhood on up the ladder of years. The very essence of sin is seeking our own way. “We all like sheep have gone astray. We have turned **every one to his own way.**”

The statement of this text is the words of Jesus to Saul of Tarsus, as He halted him in his great campaign of killing Christians. Jesus not only halted him that day on the road to Damascus and cut short the job he had in hand, but He changed the whole flow of his life. Until then it centered in what Paul wanted to do. In that blaze of light Paul asks: “What wilt Thou have me to do, Lord?” and Jesus answers, “It shall be told thee what thou must do.” Then Paul starts to lead the “**told life.**” Oh, what a glorious life; doing what He tells us to do; “led of the Spirit.”

It is a peculiar life, a misunderstood life, to the world. It is not supposed to suit the world, but Him, and the world hates Him. The world does its own will. He came to do the Father’s will and He asks us to do His will, not ours or the world’s. “It

shall be told thee." Have you found this sweet life of the sheep with your Shepherd?

Consider the great change. Here was this fiery, talented, dynamic leader of a great killing campaign, suddenly surrendering to the very One whose name he hated and whose followers he was destroying. Can there be any greater sight than the transformation of a world life to a "told life"?

Sometimes in my imagination I can picture Saul standing as a young orator before the chief priests and elders and leaders, and arguing against Christianity and rousing the ranks to "carry on" and overthrow this new enemy to their religion. I can see the admiring glances of the old heads and the enthusiastic cheers of the younger set, culminating in choosing Saul as leader of the whole movement or campaign. It is a great hour, from a human standpoint, when a young leader breaks into the lime light.

I remember a convention of the democratic party, years ago when a great issue was before the American people. We had heard much of a certain silver-tongued orator of the West. I was in the city of the convention. I knew the editor of the leading paper, and the paper was full of praise of this new leader. I had never seen him. The convention hall was packed; the hour was tense. I had a seat in the newspaper box. Suddenly there was a little stir on the side of the stage. The editor punched me and

said, "He is coming." Soon the house was in an uproar. A black-haired young man, well-built, magnetic, with eagles eyes and nose and a mouth broad enough to speak two languages at once, walked in—and I saw William Jennings Bryan for the first time.

Imagine this great young leader Saul in his prime. Then think of him struck down on the road to Damascus, and these words the essence of his after life: "It shall be told thee what thou shalt do." He has lost **his** life by a look at Jesus, but he has found a life in Jesus that is so glorious, he counts all as dross but this new life.

A Vision

Saul is now Paul and leading the told life because of this vision. The appearance of Jesus on the road to Damascus was the culmination of a work by the Spirit on Saul's heart from the time he started to persecute the Christians. See him standing outside a home, where within the little circle is kneeling, praying and praising. He breaks up the meeting. There is no scare, there is no fear, there is no panic. These Christians take the rough treatment of his men with praises on their lips to God. They are put in jail, and as Saul and his men walk away, the sweet hymns coming through the bars linger in their ears. They hear the songs in their dreams. They see their bright, happy faces. They remember their words. Saul feels the walls of his arguments coming down like melting snow before a hot, glorious sun. They,

like the sun, have offered no dispute, no argument, but have let their light shine. They have esteemed the reproaches of men as nothing, compared to abiding in Jesus, and have shed forth His life and love. They were leading the "told life." He had commanded them to walk as sheep among wolves, and such a light and life was beating down all the stubborn resistance of Saul's heart.

Now Saul finds himself the leader of a great multitude, and at their center stands a young man named Stephen. Look at Stephen's face—even all the enemies of Christians, and Saul himself, admit that his face shone like an angel's. He is speaking. The Jews are craning their necks to catch his words. Such mastery of words, such sweep of Jewish history, they have not heard from any of their own leaders. Even their young orator Saul could not sway a crowd as this young man is swaying them. But stop! The young man has caught them. He has them in a trap. He is accusing them now, and the jaws of truth are shutting in on them. Hear his cutting words of awful truth to this mob of men: "Ye stiffnecked and uncircumcised in heart and ears, ye do always resist the Holy Ghost: as your fathers did, so do ye."

You say, "Why does he dare so to talk to these men? They will kill him for this!" Oh! He is leading the "told life." Jesus said, "He that loveth his life shall lose it, but he that loseth his life for My

sake shall keep it unto life eternal." Stephen is minding God, and must go on with the truth.

He charges now still closer to their awful crime. He cries, "Which of the prophets have not your fathers persecuted? And they have slain them which shewed before of the coming of the Just One; of whom ye have been now the betrayers and murderers." Hear their howl. "When they heard these things they were cut to the heart, and they gnashed on him with their teeth." His end is near. The truth has stung them to violence. The natural heart stands no correction. Are **you** willing to be corrected or criticised without planning vengeance? Oh, let the "Told Life" be yours.

An Exhibit

Stephen, in the hour of their rage and hate, mounts up to the pinnacle of his Christian experience. Jesus is more than all their hatred, all the anger. It is a great hour for these people to see Jesus in this man, if they only will. It is a great opportunity to see exhibited before them an example of the reality of Jesus and His sustaining grace, but they will not see. Saul is seeing, though if you were to step up to him there now and ask him, he would say he saw nothing. But his eyes are riveted on the face of this young follower of Jesus, while he stands there all aglow with joy, and looking up into heaven.

Stop! The roar is quiet a minute. Hear again what Stephen is saying, as he gazes upward. "Be-

hold, I see the heavens opened, and the Son of Man standing on the right hand of God." Look at Saul—he is not moving. But the crowd is. "Then they cried out with loud voice, and stopped their ears, and ran upon him with one accord, and cast him out of the city and stoned him." Then the witnesses laid down their clothes at Saul's feet. He has not moved. He is listening. Stephen is dying. The stones have done their deadly work. Look, Stephen is kneeling. The stones are flying. It is the last statement. Saul must hear this, for he knows most men will speak truth just before they die. Listen: Stephen is calling this Jesus, who walked around among them, "Lord." He is calling Him God. Hear the words—Saul hears them; they sting into his heart like fire. "Lord Jesus, receive my spirit." He is dead.

The words haunt Saul every hour. "Lord Jesus, Lord Jesus." Here is a man before Saul's very eyes, dying in the faith that Jesus is Lord. He declares he saw Him at the right hand of God. He has said a great thing, this Stephen, but oh, he has exhibited a wonderful thing. Death has no fears for him. Why? Because Jesus is "Lord Jesus." How could he die so gladly? Because Jesus was "Lord Jesus" and life to Stephen. The "told life" was the easy life for Stephen, for it led him immediately into the presence of his "Lord Jesus."

The storm is on. Saul tries to throw off the awful conviction by taking a larger task. The storm goes

on. The lightning of God strikes. Saul is struck down, and Paul arises, saying "What wilt Thou have me to do, 'Lord Jesus'?" And the answer comes, as it comes to every soul who hungers to wholly follow the Lord: "It shall be **told thee** what thou must do."

A Reason

To lead such a life seems unreasonable to the world, for they do not see the One who is telling what to do. When we were at St. Louis in a meeting, we went out to hold a meeting for the soldier boys in the great camp at Jefferson Barracks. I met one lad who seemed very much dejected. "Howdy," I said to him. A grunt. "Are you sick?" "No sir." "How do you like being a soldier?" I ventured. "I ain't havin' no fun at it," he said, looking up at last. "I ain't got no fuss with nobody. I don't understand this soldier business. I'd a heap rather be home."

I had to go on into the service. The next morning Sousa's Band arrived early in St. Louis. They came marching from the train before the city was awake. I was awakened by the music. I stuck my head out of the window on the fifth floor. Such a sight! What a splendid lot of men, all dressed in white, blowing away each one like a rooster crowing in the early morning and walking with rooster steps at the same time. They were being led by "the peacock of the

Navy," a fine young fellow who swung his silver stick, sparkling in the early morning sun, and stepped along never touching his heels to the ground. Heads were out of windows, and cheers were coming from all the stories of the buildings. Then came the soldiers. They were coming to town to boom things for the Liberty Loan. All morning the booming went on, and climaxed at noon. Thousands stood and listened in the great open square to the speeches, dealing with every aspect of the war.

That afternoon we went to the camp again. I saw my soldier boy—but, oh the change! His head was up, his shoulders back; he was beaming. "What ho!" I said, "You've changed some, boy. How so?"

"Oh, Mister," he said, "I was in the march and listened to the speeches. I know now what it's all about, and I'm glad I'm a soldier. I'm willin' to take whatever comes."

Yes. Quite a change.

Saul persecuted Christians.

Paul got up from the road, after the vision, to lead a "told life."

Oh, beloved, is He real to you? Do you know Him? Have you been alone with Him until He has revealed Himself? He will surely speak. He says. "My sheep hear My voice." Are you wondering what to do next? Go alone and ask Him. "It shall be told thee what thou shalt do."

Are all the doors closed; are you tied up? Go alone, and He will talk to you. Wait, wait for Him. Not because He is too busy to talk to you, but because you are not ready to hear Him speak. As you wait, He will search you and get you ready. Perhaps you are on a Damascus Road, bent on your own task. He is "Lord Jesus." It will pay to wait for orders.

Under Orders

See Paul out there on the dump heap at Lystra. Stand with his friends around him softly praying. He has been mocked out, dragged out of the city. He was only telling folks about Jesus. Look, he is coming to! He is getting up. He is speaking to his companions. He is on his feet and is making his way straight back into the city. Go stop him and tell him to go to some place where they want him. Look, there are tears in his eyes. Hear him say, "There is no way of life for these dear hearts but through Jesus. I don't blame them for trying to kill me. I did the same thing once. They are blind. Would God they could see Jesus!"

Oh, the compassion of the "told life." "Go and tell them I love," says Jesus to the yielded heart. Yes, and more—oh, so much more. He says, "Go and show them that I love them." See him again in the ship. Down there in the hold you'll find him, where it's smelly and dark and the rats are gnawing at his sandals while he prays. For long he stays

there, while the waves are tossing the ship and the men, white-faced and sick, see no hope upon the deep. Suddenly Paul is standing among them speaking. "There stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, 'Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar, and lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee.' Wherefore, sirs, be of good cheer; for I believe God, that it shall be even as it was told me."

Wonderful testimony, after all these hardships and sufferings since he left Damascus road, to end up after this storm, still confident in the "told life." Hear Paul shout it, and shout it with him: "**I believe God**, that it shall be even as it was told me."

His Coming

He has told us He is coming to receive us unto Himself, that where He is, there we may be also. Paul says, "For the Lord **Himself** shall **descend** from heaven with a **shout**, with the voice of the archangel and with the trump of God; and the dead in Christ shall rise first. Then we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in **the clouds**, to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we ever be with the Lord."

Will we believe with a glowing hope what He has told us? He says, "Watch." Will we do it? Will we lead this part faithfully, of the "told life"? The reward is sure, for He is true.

You remember the story of Gregory ; how because of his love for Margaret he was disinherited ; how he left his highland home, banished. But before he went, he met Margaret down at the foot of the great cliff, where at high tide its mossy rocks meet the ocean. They told again their love, while the night hid them from view, and Gregory pushed out in his little boat to the great passenger ship anchored in the harbor. She climbed the cliff in the dark and on to her lonely home, saying over between her tears, his last words, "I'll be back for you, Margaret." He was to go to another country and there make provision for her, and come again for her. He could never again step foot upon the soil of his birth land, so she was to hang out a lantern secretly every night and wait near the lantern on the cliff for him, as close to the water's edge as she could safely go.

The nights were many, but the lantern hung each night somewhere along the coast near the old home spot and their trysting place. Her strange actions, her nightly watchings, cost her the home she loved. The villagers passed her by as an evil night prowler. The women let her have their tongues singly and combined, but she kept her vigil and guarded her secret. Sleeping there one night with her great coat around her, she was awakened by the calling of her own name. She sat up and listened. Soon she heard the sound of dipping oars. "Margaret!" came the cry. "Gregory!" swiftly flew the answer. Down on

the sands he took her in his great arms and carried her through the shallow water into his little boat, and then into the great ship to go to be with him in his new-found home.

Oh, He—our “LORD JESUS” will come again. Oft I hear it seems the dipping oars. Oh, come, “Lord Jesus”! Until then, “It shall be told thee what thou shalt do.”

SERMON NO. 7



FIRE ALSO

FIRE ALSO

“And He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost and with fire” (*Matt. 3:11*).

WHEN thinking of man's problems remember that you will never comprehend God's dealings in them unless you start with the fact that man has sinned, by taking his own way and refusing to obey the commands of God. Yes, man broke off the relations between himself and God. The curse that followed this broken relation left man to shift for himself. Before this relation of Father and child was broken, all provision for man's welfare was made by God. Man needed no clothes for God somehow supplied him. His fall or sin left him unclothed in a cold world to shift for himself. This shifting for himself men have chosen to call evolution. We grant that he had to learn to shift for himself and that in shifting he has come from the simple to the complex in civilization, but that this shifting went on previous to his sin the Bible denies. He was cared for by God until sin came. We know every step from the simple to the complex since the fall, that is: man's progress in civilization has been marked by fire and its uses. Tell us how any tribe uses fire and we can tell their state of civ-

ilization. It has to do with clothing, food, housing, invention, transportation, education, and manufacture.

Mystery

This strange thing called fire has made great changes in the conditions under which men live. Fire is a mystery. Its laws can be told, but why the phenomena attending its exist, man does not know. One might define a flame as "Gas temporarily luminous because of chemical action" but this would have to be qualified greatly or it could easily be contradicted for there are flames which are not luminous. The why of heat attending fire is also a mystery even though its amount may be measured. Yet this mysterious phenomena called fire plays a great part in the life of man. It seems strange at first hearing, to promise fire with the Holy Ghost. One would think enough had been said when it was stated "He shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost." Then why "FIRE ALSO"?

We speak of fire as combustion. We mean generally that one substance is uniting with another in chemical action and that while this is going on there is heat and light attending the action. When the Holy Ghost was uniting with believers on the day of Pentecost the symbol of this uniting used by God was the symbol of fire which sat in two-tongued flames on each of them.

New Life

There is to be a new life for these believers of power and service to God. It is not to be the life of the Holy Ghost alone nor of the individual alone, but a combined life. When two gases are united we have fire and its phenomena. Now God is showing by the fire symbol that when the Holy Ghost unites with the believer there is to be an attending spiritual phenomena symbolized by fire, which is light and heat. Therefore, it is not only the coming of the Holy Ghost but "fire also."

This spiritual phenomena represented by fire is what the world will see and sense and say "a combination has taken place." These one hundred and twenty who were baptized with the Holy Ghost immediately began to manifest their fire. Their hearts were warm and then hot and then all aglow with the reality of the combination. Their tongues and hearts were loosed to tell out the wonderful things of God so that everyone around heard them talking about what wonderful things God had done. It was a living, human and Divine flame sparkling and crackling the hot love tidings of God to a lost world. Oh, what a lack of this hot love fire there is to-day! Oh, for the fire! Remember "Fire also!"

False Fire

There is man-made enthusiasm and this is good, but oh it is nothing like this living fire. Man has

worked hard to produce his fire but this is not by works but by yielding. Man can produce fire by friction, by flint or refraction of the sun's rays. I think I have seen in my boyhood as high as a dozen different methods for fire making used by the Indians. The favorite with me was the bent stick about two feet long with its end poked into a small dent and the dent smeared with some good pitch. Then the other end was put into a dent in a board and the board held against the breast. The bent stick was then turned very fast as you would turn the handle of an augur until the fire was produced by friction. I have seen people trying just that hard to produce this heavenly fire and puzzling their heads to invent some new way of enthusiasm and church success. Many churches are revolving very fast in the small dent they have made in their community, with lots of enthusiasm, or false fire, but not with the "Fire also" kind. This fire of which I speak comes from a wholly yielded life. Christ has given all to us. See Him giving Himself.

True Fire

Watch Him as the people crowd about. He heals. He cheers. He looses from devils. Giving. Giving. GIVING HIMSELF. He is God. "All things were made for Him and by Him and without Him was not anything made that was made" yet with this truth about Him in your mind see Him there naked like a slave washing His disciples' feet. No man

could have taken His life yet because of our sin He is there on the cross giving a spotless life in payment for our sin's penalty. He is giving Himself. He arose to give us life. He sits at the right hand of God now with that wonderful body which came out of death and is praying and working for us. Still giving for us! This even was not enough, but He wanted that we should have Him with us to work for us and in us and through us. He to be our provider and comforter. So He sends the Holy Ghost to abide with us and be in us. But this blessed Spirit cannot operate within unless our will is given over, unless we are yielded. So, like two gases, when we reach the place where we are willing to say "not I, but Christ. I want only His will," He, the Spirit, in His fullness combines with us and the glow of a holy fire springs up within the heart.

A cold heart is an unyielded heart. We are speaking within the language of truth when we talk about ice-box churches. I have been in them. I have caught the temperature of unyieldedness over the phone some twenty degrees below zero. I have been in hot churches preaching to a crowd of wholly yielded hearts and oh the heat. What is worse than for the world to come against a cold Christian? It is worse than a cold pan cake. Who wants to eat one of them? Think of having to see a stack of them or in other words a pew or church full. It's enough to give a man chills and fever. But oh, those lovely hot hearted ones with butter and honey all over

their souls. They make the world hungry to know Jesus, smacking their lips in joy and satisfaction in His presence. Oh, the joy of the fire of these hot yielded hearts.

The Fire Place

Every church ought to be a fire place; a cheerful fire spot. The center of activity in Rome was the fire spot in the temple to Vesta. When that fire went out all business in Rome stopped for they believed the relations between earth and heaven had been broken. Oh, that any soul here out of whom the fire has gone might believe the same thing. Stop all business. Shut yourself in your room. Yield, oh, yield to His yielded heart, and you may have the "Holy Ghost and Fire."

The Greeks sent fire from their center with all their new colonies that went forth from them. That is the only way to colonize this world for Christ. The greatest need to-day of the churches and mission fields is more fire. Oh, the power of a hot heart. That is the only way the early church colonized. They were having a bonfire of blessing one day at Antioch, it was a great prayer meeting, "Barnabas and Simeon Lucuis, Manaen and Saul. As they ministered to the Lord and fasted, the Holy Ghost said, Separate Me Barnabas and Saul for the work whereunto I have called them. So they went forth by the Holy Ghost." That's the way God colonizes. Oh, for more prayed out, fire-carrying workers.

Fires of Condemnation

Fire has been very prominent in God's dealings with men and is yet to be more prominent. The Bible is very plain in its teaching of condemning sin with fire, and this real fire. Sodom and Gomorrah perished with actual fire from the Lord.

Jesus said, "I say unto you that whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in heart. And if thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish and not that thy whole body should be cast into Gehenna fire." Again hear God's words for fire condemning sin. "Whosoever was not found written in the Lamb's Book of Life was cast into the lake of fire." Yes, there is a consuming fire for sin.

Manifestation

God manifested Himself in the display of fire as a symbol of Himself and to show His approval at times. He appeared to Moses in a burning bush. How beautiful this looks to us looking back on it from what we know of God to-day. He is fire to us lighting and warming, but not consuming for Jesus went through the consuming fire of death for us. He is light to us. For the first 200 years after Christ, the Christians refused to use light in their worship to God. Just see how religions that have a false fire use lights in their church services in our day. One

of the old saints wrote in the early centuries this: "They kindle lights as to One who is in darkness. Can he be sane who offers lamps and candles to the 'Father of Lights'?"

God's presence in the temple was designated by the "Shekinah" a glorious light within the holy of holies. Above the tabernacle God's presence rested every night in a Pillar of fire.

Purification

We are to stand the fire test. Every man's work shall be tested by God's fire. "The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is," saith God. If your works are wrought as your heart is entirely yielded and the fire burns from your union with His will, your works will abide, but that which is tainted with pride, and self-will and self-ambition must go as the flames of God's fire touch it. He asks us a grave question in these days. "But who may abide the day of His coming? And who shall stand when He appeareth? For He is like a refiner's fire."

Oh, that it now from heaven might fall
And all my dross consume,
Come, Holy Ghost, for Thee I call;
Spirit of burning, come.
Refining fire go through my heart,
Illuminate my soul:
Scatter Thy life through every part,
And sanctify the whole.

SERMON NO. 8



COME TO DINNER!

COME TO DINNER!

THE great supper is ready! Why does not the Host bid the guests be seated and begin to divide among them the succulent viands of His victory?

This message is written to burn this question home, and I use as a text what I think is the answer of the Holy Spirit in Luke 14:23. "And the Lord said unto the servant, Go out into the highways and hedges, and compel them to come in, that My house may be filled."

Jesus used these words as He spake the parable of the Great Supper.

He used them in answer to the remark of one of the guests seated around the table, where He had been invited to take Sunday dinner by one of the chiefs of the Pharisees. He had taken the opportunity which this Sunday dinner offered to tell folks how to give a feast. What a wonderful opportunity there is around the table these days to talk to people about the Lord and the feast that He has spread!

His remarks at this time were very hard on His host, but all of God's words are a two-edged sword of conviction and condemnation to those who are not His sheep, and they are sharp also to prune those

who are branches in His great vine, that we may bear more fruit.

He said to His host, "When thou makest a feast call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind, and thou shalt be blessed; for they cannot recompense thee. For thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

A Feast of Grace

Is it any wonder then, that after the announcement of this new kind of feast, this feast of grace which God offers to lost sinners who can never pay it back—is it any wonder, I say—that one of the guests said, "Blessed is he that shall eat bread in the kingdom of God"?

Jesus' reply to this guest's remark brings forth the wonderful parable of the great supper: God's table of grace spread for the unlovely, the unworthy, the maimed, the halt and the blind. They may come and have free access to the gift of everlasting life.

An Urgent Command

But listen! After the story of the supper there rings out the urgent command of the Host to His servants. These are the words—let them burn themselves into our souls—"Compel them to come in."

Go out into the highways,
Compel them to come in.
A feast of life is offered,
And cleansing from all sin.

CHORUS

Compel them to come in,
Compel them to come in.
With Holy Ghost enduement,
Compel them to come in.

A Holy Ghost enduement
Is now our right to claim;
The saints of old received it,
And we may have the same.

We must obey His order,
We dare not say Him nay.
He furnishes the unction
And tells us what to say.

Divine Equipment

Thank God we don't have to rely upon human compelling power, but upon a Divine enduement of compassion. Only this sort of compassion can compel them to come in. Oh, for a hunger for souls fresh from the heart of Jesus to fall upon our hearts!

Why should we compel them to come in? FIRST, let me answer, because it is His command who has every right to command us. It is the blessed lips of Jesus that said, "Compel them to come in."

A Great Undertaking

This is a staggering undertaking—to compel them to come in from the highways and the hedges of this great world with its many climates, its many languages, its many religions, its much darkness; and you and I have a right to stagger and fall back,

crying, "I cannot undertake this. I cannot obey the order in my natural self." And we **should** fall back and say it. We have no right to trust our own equipment in this, the Lord's program. How dare we for a moment trust our ability!

But He says in the same breath with the command, "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you." God offers us His best, the third person of the adorable Trinity, to complete this task.

Your Best?

I often wonder how many men have really faced God and said to Him, "I have done my best to obey this command." When I see what mighty tasks men are doing in the natural these days, I am overcome with a burning desire to carry out my Lord's orders, and I know that your hearts are being touched to move out and obey Him.

But, oh, beloved, we haven't begun to put in even our best, let alone **His** best, into this great task. I have been thinking this week of a mighty task (what one would think was almost an impossible task), that has yet been accomplished in a very short time in connection with the great world war.

A Commercial Emergency

On January 15, 1915, J. Pierpont Morgan & Co. accepted the task of becoming purchasing and fiscal agents of the British and French governments. To

date this one firm has spent over three billions of dollars in this country for merchandise and munitions; they have raised loan money for the allies amounting to over two and three-quarter billions of dollars; they have imported into America over one billion dollars' worth of gold.

Many American securities were held by foreign financiers until the time of the war and this company has been called upon to find American financiers who would take over these securities to the amount of nearly three billions of dollars, so as to let the cash go to the allies in their own land.

This tremendous thing has been done by the appointment of one big man to have charge of the whole affair, and has gone forward without a word of scandal or criticism or the disorganization of American business, or clogs in the channels of trade.

Doing the Impossible

Just pause for a moment to think what this means. This is what the world calls, "putting it over," "coming across with a big thing." Men said it could not be done, but the Morgan Co. looked the field over and selected Edward R. Stettinius.

This man was not in their employ when they picked him. He was not even a member of their firm. Beside all this, he was doing something very far different when they called him to this great undertaking; they called him from the presidency of the Diamond Match Company.

It became this man's business to buy all the merchandise and munitions, all clothing, machinery, food, powder; and this with all the haste that the terrific war demanded.

Look a little further at the great task. There were not munition houses enough in America to supply even a fraction of the amount that was needed. The kind of clothing, the kind of food, the kind of supplies as specified by the allied governments, were not in our possession in this country; all these must be made, and they must be made by men who never had made such things.

Efficient Men Needed

Mr. Stettinius decided some very broad principles in his mind at once. He said to himself that ninety-seven and one-half per cent of his problem must be solved by men who were already efficient at something, so he gave the orders for munition to men who were making a success in their present manufacturing business, even though they had never made anything like ammunition.

He awarded a contract for one hundred million dollars' worth of material to a company that had no buildings, machinery or tools for munitions, and had no men who were munition makers; but, because they were men who were used to undertaking tasks without asking questions, they hustled up their houses and machinery and men, and shipped their munitions fifteen days before the time agreed upon in

their contract; and have never been subjected for a moment to any criticism.

One car firm he persuaded to make shells. They are now making five million dollars' worth a month. The purchases averaged under Mr. Stettinius ten million dollars a day.

Mr. Stettinius drew around him one hundred and five selected engineers and commercial experts who never watched the clock. They were called "the S. O. S. crowd," meaning "Slaves of Stettinius." Nine o'clock at night saw them all in their offices. The task was a great one and they were throwing themselves into it.

Playing with the Task

Such a record as this, my dear friends, makes me feel that Christian men and women to-day in the large majority are absolutely playing with this task of compelling men and women to come in. Ask God quietly if you have ever given Him your full self. Look again at what it means to really be consecrated.

I am not stirring you now to self-effort, but to show that if men in the natural can undertake such tasks, what ought the children of God to undertake in the power and equipment of the Holy Ghost?

The Task of the Ages

Oh, the world must be evangelized. Our order is, "To the highways and hedges." He has the method.

Let our hearts say, "The task must be done, and by God's grace it will be done."

Jesus is calling us in our day to the supreme task of the ages, and takes us into the firm and furnishes us the equipment. He calls us; He commands us to go and compel them to come in. We can—**will** we obey His orders?

We Can If We Will

The **second** reason for our compelling them to come in, is a very simple one. It is this; we can if we will. It is a perfect marvel to me that men can so closely follow their desires. It has been my observation that men are generally found doing about what they want to do. Of course this cannot be pushed to a terrific extreme, but in the large most folks are doing about what they want to do.

For Their Country

Look how the wills of the men at the Battle of Verdun served them for their country's sake.

Those Frenchmen who held the first line of trenches through those awful onslaughts were in their trenches eight days and eight nights without sleep, fighting, fighting, fighting constantly. The weather was bitterly cold, and many of them were standing in water to their knees.

The first day they had two plates of soup, the second day they had two plates of soup, the third day they had one plate of soup and one meal; then the

fourth day they got two meals. The days went on thus—eight days, eight nights, fighting, fighting, fighting, fighting.

When the awful ordeal was over (that is, when the new troops had come up to relieve them from behind) without saying a word, the fighters who had been there through the eight days and nights simply walked to the rear and threw themselves full length on the ground, falling immediately into a deep sleep with their wet clothes frozen on them. The reinforcing troops took their blankets, threw them over the exhausted bodies, and left them to sleep on.

Not one case of pneumonia was reported. Physicians would have said it could not be done, but it was done.

To the Battle!

Oh, I do not call you to swell your power and self-effort; but I do ask, have you ever thrown yourself, **literally thrown yourself** (and thrown yourself in the power of God) into this battle now going on between hell and heaven? You can if you will; will you?

Oh, wait on Him. Catch the vision, get the equipment, heed the command, and plunge into the hedges!

The Time Is Short

In the **third** place, we should compel them to come in because the time is very short. The supper has been prepared a very long time, and many have

already taken advantage of this supper and their seats are reserved around the table.

He said, "Go, that My house may be filled." That is why He does not bid the guests to be seated. There are others.

We must evangelize the world. Many millions have never had the invitation; but the doors between us and those millions have been torn down, that in other days would have kept the invitation out; and there is left no excuse if we in this generation do not go and compel them to come in.

Even in this awful year of war, God is increasing the gifts to missions. Beloved, you need but to take a slight glance and you will see that Jesus is pointing and saying, "Out, out, out into the dark! Compel them to come in!!"

Signs of His Coming

The signs of His soon coming multiply with every issue of the newspapers. The terrible Turk is on his way out and off of the map, as God has predicted. He is the Bible "River of Euphrates" that must be dried up to make way for the kings of the East, the Jews, God's chosen people. Bagdad has fallen. Jerusalem and Bethlehem have fallen before the Allies. The Jew is coming to his own.

Go quickly then; the time is short, and compel them to come in. He is blasting the way. Follow up quickly as good infantry men, taking the open-

ings made by His big long range guns of Providence. The barrage fire (may I call it) is falling before us, blasting the way. Get ready for this last great forward movement that is coming. Into the whitened harvest fields of earth Jesus is ready to make one last great final charge.

The doors are down, the roads are open, and into the hedges we must plunge. Are you ready?

A Crown to Be Won

The **last** reason for our going to compel them to come in is this: There is a crown for our service and fidelity. You may have a bundle of sheaves to present to Him at His coming, for which He will give you a crown.

Have you now a bundle of sheaves? We can pay nothing for salvation—it is a gift purchased by Him but we may serve for a crown.

Laid Aside

Listen to a tale of a dear old saint who lived in a grove, and owned a bubbling spring of water, bordering the roadside. The old saint knew his Lord, and walked and talked with Him as the days of his earthly life went by.

He was crippled and misshapen, and unfit for any earthly toil requiring physical strength; so he sat the weary days through in his home in the grove.

Years had passed since first he found the Lord,

and then in later years came a deep desire to go out into the world to tell the lost of Jesus. Bitter, bitter tears of disappointment streamed down his face, as the awful realization of his weak physical condition swept over him, together with the vision. He struggled in prayer. He felt he would die if he could not go.

Guidance

Then in a lovely night of prayer the Spirit lifted the load, saying, "Stay, stay by the road, there are many sinners there."

The old saint had the spring dug out by the side of the road, and with rock selected from the brook, built up the walls around the side and hung a dipper to a chain. Behind the spring he had a rustic seat circled temptingly. Then he spent a little bit more of his small allowance, to hire a carpenter to move his little house for him, close to the spring and the rustic seat. With his own hands he was able to plant the flowers and trim the shrubs.

A Service of Love

Seated on the old seat made for him, he greeted the passersby. When they turned aside to drink he engaged them in conversation, and offered them the comfortable rustic seat in the shade.

Here he told them of Jesus,
The story that never grows old.
Here he gathered a harvest,
Beautiful sheaves of gold.

A great and mighty speaker had passed that way many times as the years had gone by, and looked forward with delight to a chat at the roadside with the old saint. He often would stay over night in the little shack.

Going Home

It was on a summer afternoon, that the great speaker passed that way and found the old saint not at the roadside, but in his bed. That night, as the speaker lay sleeping in his comfortable bed provided by the old saint, this crippled, seemingly useless child of Jesus was taken to heaven.

The speaker awoke in the night to behold a vision: men and women, boys and girls, one by one, enter the door of the little shack, pass to the side of the old saint lying in his coffin, burst into tears, crying out, "He led me to Jesus," and then go away.

All night they came and went and came and went. The speaker could not stop nor speak to the procession; some strange power held him. He was only allowed to gaze as the procession passed.

Before the Throne

At last the procession came to an end, and the grey streaks of dawn ran up the sky, when suddenly the room was a blaze of glory; the heavens were opened, and the old saint was changed,

straightened, glorified and standing before the throne.

The speaker heard him say, "Blessed Lord, blessed Lord, I longed to go out in the world for Thee and gather precious souls; but you told me to stay. I have stayed, blessed Lord, and now I come before Thee empty handed. I have no crown; I could never make a speech; I could not write a book; I could not gather the audiences together; I could not seek the men."

"No crown?" asked the Master.

"No," said the old saint.

Precious Jewels

"But," cried the Master in voice that rippled like the glorious waters, "Thou soon shalt have. Give Me those jewels in thy hands, and all those diamonds and pearls hanging upon thy clothes."

The old saint was dumb with surprise, as he looked at his clothes and into his hands. The jewels hung there thick upon his chest, and his hands were filled with gorgeous sparkling gems.

"How did I get these?" he cried, in glorious surprise.

A Coronation

"These, My blessed one," said the Master, "are made from the tears of those thou hast told of Me, and led to accept Me as their Saviour. Many tears ran into thy hands as those whom thou hast brought

in from the highways and hedges leaned over thy coffin; and thy hands, beloved, are full. 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things; here, take thy crown, I will make thee ruler over many things.'

The light vanished. The great speaker dropped to his knees, and the great applauding audiences saw him in his fleshly efforts no more; but out into the highways and hedges, with tear-stained cheek, he pled with men.

He had seen a coronation, and he went out to compel them to come in.

He found them in their places of business. He went to them in the shops. He met them on the street. He planned in prayer with the Spirit for engagements that would give the opportunity of leading them to salvation. His sermons burned with the fire of God's compassion. But, oh, as a result he heard men say, "Yes, I will go to the feast." Come! Oh, Come! Let us arise in Holy Ghost enduement and run to the highways and hedges. On your way, then, crying, "Come to dinner." We will meet when His house is filled around the table.

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